

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1910.

Entered at the post office at Barre as second-class matter.

Published every week-day afternoon. Subscriptions: One year, \$3.00; one month, 25 cents; single copy, 1 cent.

Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,605

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

Senator Gore is already taking back water on his Sherman implication.

Houston, Tex., has increased its population 76.6 per cent. Houston is everybody's town.

The "Barre granite specials" move once more. Good local news from the railroad strike settlement.

Latter-day suggestion for the Hall of Fame—Rose Pitonof of Boston. No trouble over the kind of costume, either.

The New York man, sued by his wife for divorce because he beat her with his wooden leg, ought not to have a peg to stand on; no, sir.

Suspiciously like a bid for popularity was the Sunday sermon statement of a Mattapoisett, Mass., minister that there will be baseball in heaven. Also showing wonderful powers.

Another electric company lineman sacrificed at Brattleboro through someone's carelessness, apparently not that of the victim. The story of the fatality reveals a woeful lack of responsibility.

Only eight drownings in New England last Sunday might cause people to take hope of returning sanity, were it not for the remembrance that the vacation season is on the wane and the number of silly people less.

Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth apparently knows when to keep silence, although the anti-cigarette smoking resolutions, beseeching her to quit, must be extremely annoying. Perhaps the smokers are sure of their ground. It would be very unfortunate if they had picked out the wrong woman.

Senator James E. Kennedy's decision not to run again this year, although he was nominated by the Chittenden county Democrats unanimously, comes at a very late date and may cause the Democratic county committee considerable embarrassment. Senator Kennedy's letter at this time reveals a curious indecision about the matter.

Most taxpayers of Barre perhaps do not need further warning that the annual payments are to be made not later than tomorrow, else the amounts will be increased by the added expenses of collection; but there may be some who have overlooked the matter. So for them we give this warning. They know the rest.

The Rutland postmaster contest is ended. While we regret that editor Charles T. Fairfield failed to secure the appointment, we congratulate Rutland on getting so good a man as George F. Pease seems to be. His position as assistant postmaster certainly gives him a certain insight into the work, which fits him to be successor to the late Postmaster Sheldon.

Six-footers pages are no longer desired in the Vermont legislature. What Sergeant-at-Arms Ferrin wants is a nimble streak of lightning, who can dodge between the members' legs without upsetting them, slide down the banisters without danger of entangling limbs in the fretwork and, moreover, be stowed away in a comfortably small package on the occasion of ladies' days or other social functions like a capital punishment hearing. Therefore, ye unfortunate six-footers, go back to your woodpile.

ANOTHER THREATENED BOLT.

With considerable courage for a Republican newspaper that seldom strays from the party lines, the Middlebury Register refuses to print the name of the Republican nominee for governor until the nominee has published a statement of his expenses in the campaign, as the others have done, while at the same time it gives the names of the Republican nominees for the other state offices. Perhaps this does not amount to a bolt on the part of the contemporary, but it comes perilously near it and is sufficient to make nite a rebuke to the Rutland man for failure to do as Mr. Fleetwood and Mr. Hapgood did recently. Of course, it will be recalled that the Register was not a supporter of the Rutland man during the pre-convention campaign and was especially worried because Dr. Mead would not publish a statement of his expenses; but the Register has always been a loyal Republican journal, turning in to support the party candidates after their nomination, so its defection at the present time carries considerable significance. Not in years has there been such a rebellion in the ranks of Vermont Republican journalism as at present, and of which the Register is a certain illustration. It will not cripple Dr. Mead to the extent of a defeat, although it is likely enough, at the start of his administration, a certain measure of hostility, which makes a distinct hand-

WILL RECOMMEND PEASE

For Postmaster of Rutland to Succeed Sheldon.

Rutland, Aug. 9.—Congressman D. C. Foster has announced his intention to recommend George F. Pease as postmaster to succeed the late John Sheldon. Regarding this decision Mr. Foster makes the following statement:

In recommending the appointment of Mr. George F. Pease as postmaster, I have carried out my determination to recommend the man who was most strongly endorsed. Mr. Pease had about 700 endorsements; Mr. Fairfield had about 440; Mr. Field about 275; Judge Merrill and Mr. Richmond about 130 each.

Mr. Pease's endorsement is thoroughly representative. His supporters include some of the strongest business men, business houses, and business concerns of Rutland. His supporters also include many of the rank and file. And certainly no one will deny that the average citizen is not entitled to a voice in the matter as well as the business man.

In addition to this a large number of the strong business men of the city, who are numbered among the supporters of the various other candidates, assured me either that Mr. Pease was their second choice, or that his appointment would be very satisfactory.

Then there is another class of plain, ordinary citizens, who have communicated with me directly, and not because of any solicitation, but because of their interest in the matter, and their friendship for me, urging the appointment of Mr. Pease. The following is a copy of one of those letters and it is typical of others:

"As a Republican, and always your staunch supporter, I wish to write to you in regard to the applicants for the situation of postmaster in our city. 'While I think that all the candidates for the position are men well fitted for the work, yet I earnestly believe that the appointment of George F. Pease will give the best satisfaction and cause the least friction of any of the names mentioned.'"

"He has made a first class assistant postmaster, and his promotion is merited. 'Hoping that you will make as good a record in the coming session of Congress as you have in the past, I remain, Your Sincere Supporter.'"

In conclusion I wish to express my appreciation of the manner in which the various candidates have conducted themselves. They have treated me with the utmost consideration. I deeply regret that in return I must disappoint four of the five. And the supporters of the various candidates with rare exceptions have seemed to appreciate the difficulty and embarrassment of the problem before me. Occasionally the zeal of a supporter has led him to overstep the bounds, but for a friend is so commendable that we forgive it even when we disapprove.

MANY GOOD ENTRIES

For Vermont State Tennis Championship Which Began To-day.

St. Johnsbury, Aug. 9.—The tenth annual open tennis tournament for the championship of Vermont begins on the Old Pine Golf club courts to-day. A large number of entries have been made by the local players as well as those from without St. Johnsbury and the state. Among those from out of town are Fred H. Harris, the present state champion, Edwin W. Lawrence and John G. Nelson of Rutland, Clinton H. Collier of Gardner, Mass., Chester T. Porter of Worcester, Mass., the two last ready to defend their title as present state champions in the doubles; Fernandus G. G. of Exeter, N. H.; John P. Tomlinson, Jr., of New York, will also be here for the tournament. While here he will be the guest of T. N. Vail of Lyndonville. Mr. MacVough will not be able to come this year on account of his trip to Europe. Mr. Russ, the Texaco star, is expected to be on hand. He played in the Crawford tournament last week. Others are Ferdinand Pease, Burlington, F. F. Smith, John C. Torrey, Burlington, Ira A. Kent, Boston, George W. Pike, Springfield, Guy P. McKinney, Boston.

Jingles and Jests

Very Thorough.
New York's collector of customs was talking about smuggling.
"Smuggling must cease," he said.
"Well, make it cease, if we have to be as strict and thorough as the French customs officer. This strict officer, standing on the pier, frowned on a tourist with a swollen cheek.
"What have you got there?" he said, pointing to the swelling.
"An abscess, sir," was the reply.
"Well," said the officer impatiently, "open it, please."—Washington Star.

A Glorious Part.
"At last," exclaimed the low comedian, "I have a part that just suits me."
"Good," said the first old lady. "You are the only actor I ever knew who was thoroughly satisfied with his part. What is it?"
"Oh, the part isn't much, as far as that goes, but I'm supposed to be a burglar, and I break into a pantry and eat a real meal at every performance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Acquiring a Reputation.
Archbishop Rowley, who lived in the eighteenth century, most unjustly got the reputation of swearing like a trooper. The explanation is that the Duke of Cumberland, who fought the battle of Culloden and who was unspeakably profane, once went in quest of the prime to get his assistance about a certain bill which he disliked.

He returned to the house of lords, saying: "It's all right, my lords. I've seen the archbishop, and he says he'll vote for the bill." As a matter of fact, all the profanity had been supplied quite in the ordinary run of conversation by the duke.—London Tatler.

The Business Value of a Life
Is measured by annual earning capacity multiplied by expectation of business life. Life insurance continues the earning capacity if you do not live out your expectation. It has a definite value in cash if you do. National Life Insurance Co., New York, N. Y. (Mutual). S. S. Ball, General Agent, Montpelier, Vt.; N. B. Ballard, local agent, Barre, Vt. (Mutual).

Some People In the Public Eye

WARREN G. HARDING.

Career of the Republican Nominee For Governor of Ohio.

The Republican nominee for governor of Ohio, Warren G. Harding, is forty-five years old and a native of Ohio, having been born in Blooming Grove, Morrow county, on Nov. 2, 1865. Mr. Harding is a newspaper man and proprietor of the Marion Evening Star of Marion, where he has lived since 1882. He was educated in the public schools and at Ohio Central college at Iberia, the college not now



WARREN G. HARDING.

being in existence. He taught school one year and studied law one year and then went into newspaper work.

He was elected to the state senate in 1889 from the counties of Logan, Union, Marion and Hardin, that being his first whirl in politics, and he has been prominent in the politics of the state ever since, serving as lieutenant governor of Ohio under Myron T. Herrick.

During the career of ex-Senator Joseph B. Foraker Mr. Harding was known as an ardent follower and admirer of the senator, but in late years he has not actively allied himself with any faction of the party. He has been mentioned for the governorship a number of times, but has given way to others until now.

Mr. Harding's great-grandfather, George Tyson Harding, got his name from a family connection with one of the colonial governors of Connecticut, and his great-grandmother was Elizabeth Madison, a type of the early Ohio pioneer woman. His grandfather, Charles A. Harding, and his grandmother, Mary Crawford Harding, had but one son, George Tyson, who is a practicing physician at Marion and father of Warren G. His mother, who died recently, was Phoebe Elizabeth Dickinson, descendant of the Dickinson-Van Kirk family.

THE WRIGHT CRUSADE.

Unique Work of a Missourian to Protect Our Native Birds.

If you have made a study of birds you are no doubt aware that most of our beautiful species are rapidly becoming extinct. In truth, one has but to return to the country and roam about a bit to discover that fact. The principal reason, of course, is the de-



AMBROSE C. WRIGHT.

mand for their plumage for millinery's art, and year after year our native birds are ruthlessly slaughtered so that the milliners and dealers may use the feathers to bedeck their wares. Every time Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Brown in a new bonnet just so many more birds must be destroyed to replace the stock.

Now, while this is quite an old story to most people, the good work being done by a Missourian to protect our birds is new and novel enough to awaken much interest in the matter. His name is Ambrose C. Wright, and it is a name that the milliners of this country will have cause to remember ere long. Mr. Wright is the special deputy and plumage expert under State Game Warden Tollerlon of Missouri. In the game laws of the Bullion State, as in many other states, there is a clause prohibiting the sale of the plumage of nongame birds, but heretofore little or no attention has been paid to it. Mr. Wright, however, is chiefly directed his efforts to saving the white heron and has practically covered the whole state of Missouri and put the matter before the milliners in a way that will bear fruit in the future. Now he is planning a nation wide crusade for saving our birds.

CLICK OF THE KEY

The Reading of Telegraph Messages by Sound.

STORY OF THE FIRST TRIAL.

A Lack of Tape Caused Alonzo B. Cornell to Attempt Interpreting the Morse Code by Ear—The Discovery That Abolished the Use of the Tape.

Esra Cornell is known in history as the father of Cornell university, as one of the men who helped to build the first telegraph line and as an ardent organizer of telegraph systems in the early days, being instrumental in the formation of the now famous Western Union Telegraph company. His son, Alonzo B. Cornell, became ultimately vice president of the Western Union and governor of New York state—high commercial and political honors.

Yet he once confessed to me that he felt he should be credited with the additional honor of having made the discovery that telegraph messages could be read by ear, and he seemed to take more pride in his part in bringing this about than he did in any of his other achievements.

"I was trained as a telegraph operator," said Mr. Cornell in telling me the story. "I suppose I took to telegraphy naturally because of my father's deep and large interests in the then new mode of communication. Anyway, I learned the Morse key easily, and I was, in fact, very fond of telegraphing from both the practical and the scientific standpoint."

"One afternoon, sometime in the early fifties, when I was stationed at Albany, N. Y., there was an unusual inrush of newspaper dispatches—I was in charge of the press key—and in the midst of the task of receiving them I found to my consternation that I was out of tape. Before taking my seat before the key I had neglected to replenish the tape reel."

"There was a bountiful supply of tape in the cellar of the building, but it was a long trip there—there were no elevators in those days—and I knew that to go there I would waste precious time. And there were those anxious newspaper men hanging over my shoulder."

"Suddenly, as I fished about mentally for the quickest way out of my dilemma, this thought popped into my head: 'You don't need any tape. Half the time you don't look at it when the dispatches are coming in before you write them out. You trust to your ears to tell what the instrument says. Why not do so now?' Instantly I determined to see whether or not I could take the dispatches by sound alone."

"I put my fingers on the key and broke in on New York, whence the dispatches were coming. 'Send rather slowly and very distinctly,' I asked the man at the other end of the wire. He at once began to do so—without some curiosity as to my reason, I found out later."

"But I didn't think of that at the time, for I was glowing all over with the knowledge that I could write out the dispatches—and write them correctly, for they made sense—by simply listening to the sounds that the key made."

"Thus I continued taking the dispatches to the very end. Then the New York operator called me. 'What are you doing up there?' he asked. 'Why did you want me to send slowly and distinctly?'"

"I answered that I had said goodbye to the telegraph tape forever and told him of the discovery I had made. He was immediately interested. 'Send me slowly and very distinctly fifteen or twenty words, and I'll see whether or not I can do the same thing,' he requested."

"I did so, full of confidence, and a little later there came to me this message: 'I've done it too. Some of the other boys say they can. I predict that within a month there won't be an inch of tape used in the New York office.'"

"Years later," added Mr. Cornell, "I was told that about the time that I discovered for myself a new and revolutionary method of receiving telegraph messages the same method was also discovered by an operator in the main office in Pittsburgh. I have no doubt that this is true. Sooner or later the discovery was bound to be made not only in one, but several offices. But I have always felt that I was the first to make the discovery and should be credited with it in telegraphic history."—Boston Globe.

Watering the Horse.
It is allowable when a horse is hot to let him have three or four swallows of cool water, but no more. The few swallows will help cool him, and another limited drink may be given every few minutes for four or five times, after which he may drink his fill without danger. In careless or inexperienced hands, however, the only safe way is to let the horse stand for half an hour or more with no water until he is fairly cooled off.—Country Life in America.

Caught a Tartar.
Senator Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, who is a bachelor and has never been married by the wives of women, tells a story of a young lady and a judge of his acquaintance. The former was a witness in the latter's court. The prosecuting attorney had repeatedly put her questions which she persistently evaded under the plea that she did not comprehend his meaning, whereupon his honor undertook to bring out the proper responses. Leaning over, he said in a kindly and fatherly manner:

"Young woman, why is it that you insist in refusing to understand the questions of counsel? You are a person of charm, grace, beauty and more than average intelligence and—"

"Thank you, your honor," interrupted the young woman, "if it were not for the fact, judge, that I am under oath I would return the compliment."—National Monthly.

Clean Up Sale

Special Bargains on all Counters in the Store

A visit to the remnant counter will pay you. Wash Goods, Dress Goods, White Goods, Silks and all small pieces through the store are on this table at prices to close.

750 yards of 25c Mercerized Gingham for 12 1-2c yard. Ask to see them.

98c Counter \$1.25 Duck Skirts, \$1.50 Fancy Shirt Waists, \$1.25 House Dresses, \$1.45 Petticoats, \$1.25 Plain Blue and Linen Colored Waists, your choice 98c each of the above garments for

All our Linen Colored Long Coats to close at \$2.50 each.

It Pays to Visit Vaughan's

The Vaughan Store

BUY CARPETS NOW!

When You Can Get Them at a Big Saving in Price



Just note the following prices:—
Best grade Axminster regular price \$1.50, now 98c
Best grade Velvet, regular price \$1.50, now 95c
Roxbury Tapestry, regular price \$1.10, now 90c
Cheap Tapestry 57 1-2c
Best Ingrain, regular price 75c, now 67 1-2c
Smith Axminster Rugs, 9x12, \$22.50

LET US SHOW YOU

A. W. BADGER & CO., MORSE BLOCK, Barre, Vt.

Funeral Directors. Licensed Embalmers.
Residence: 101 E. Main St. Telephone: 101. Store: 47-51. House: 47-51 and 72-4.
We Use NATIONAL CARPET CO. Goods.
COMFORTABLE AMBULANCE FURNISHED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

THE COLUMBUS PHARMACY,

Zanleoni Block, Corner Main and Merchant Streets

Special Sale on Rubber Goods.
It will pay you to investigate.

Ischiogeno-Battista.
Sasso's Emulsion and Oils.



Double the Joys of Vacation Days

Anybody can make good pictures the kodak way.
No dark room for any part of the work.

Come and get a Kodak Catalogue free for the asking.

E. A. DROWN,

DRUGS AND KODAKS

QUEER NATURAL HISTORY.

Some Curious Eighteenth Century Descriptions of Animals.

Some curious specimens of folklore and natural history are contained in a rare book called "The Sportsman's Dictionary," which was published toward the end of the eighteenth century. The author was evidently a Philistine among Philistines in his attitude toward nature.

Of the master musician, the blackbird, he says:
"This bird is known by all persons and is better to be eaten than kept, being much sweeter to the palate when dead and well roasted than to the ear while living; sings about three months in the year, or four at most, though his song is worth nothing, but if he be taught to whistle he is of some value, being very loud, though coarse."

And here is a story of the squirrel even more than the eighteenth century. It reminds one of the hares of Isaac Walton, that changed their sexes once a year:

"If it is reported of them be true the admirable cunning of the squirrel appears in her (where we commonly use 'his' when the sex need not be specified) our ancestors often used 'her' swimming or passing over a river, for when she is constrained by hunger so to do she seeks out some kind or small bark of a tree, which she sits upon the water and then goes into it, and, holding up her tail like a sail, lets the wind drive her to the other side and carries most in her mouth to prevent being furnished by the length of the voyage."

Of the wild bear we have this: "And what place never he bites, whether man or dog, the heat of his teeth causes inflammation in the wound. If therefore he does but touch the hair of a

dog he burns off—nay, huntsmen have tried the heat of his teeth by laying hairs on them as soon as he was dead, and they have shivered up as if touched with a hot iron."

THE PARSON'S CHECKS.

They Were Politely Drawn, but the Bank Threw Them Out.

According to George Cary Eggleston, Virginians of ante bellum days showed great indifference in money matters. Money in the form of coin was rarely seen. The planters were in the habit of writing checks on a slip of foolscap, instructing the bank to "please" pay the amount specified. Eggleston says: "This custom of paying by check so strongly commended itself to a certain unworried person of my time that he resorted to it on one occasion in entire ignorance and innocence of the necessity of having a bank deposit as a preliminary to the drawing of checks. He went to Richmond and bought a year's supplies for his little place—it was too small to be called a plantation—and for each purchase he drew a particularly polite check."

"When the banks threw these out on the ground that their author had no account the poor old parson found the situation a difficult one to understand. He had thought that the very purpose of a bank's being was to cash checks for persons who happened to be short of money. 'Why, if I'd had the money in the bank,' he explained, 'I shouldn't have written the checks at all; I should have got the money and paid the bills.'"

"Fortunately the matter came to the knowledge of a well-to-do and generous planter who knew Parson J. and who happened to be in Richmond at the time. His intervention made the checks good and saved the unworried old parson a deal of trouble."—Chicago News.

See the bargains on the remnant table at Vaughan's.